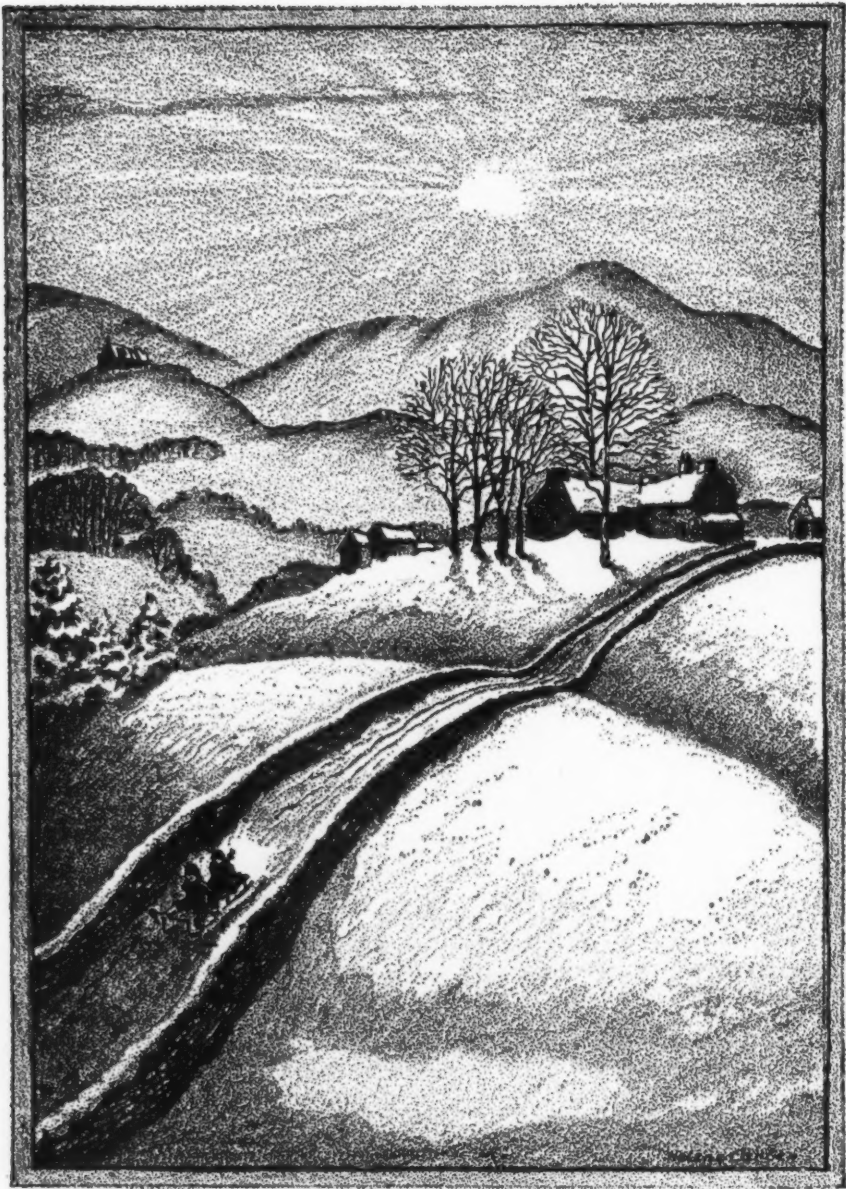


*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*January 1935* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





## English Winter

HELENE CARTER

*From "Winter Holiday," by Arthur Ransome,  
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# Smartest Dog

MINA SLOANE SNELL

Illustrations by Manning de V. Lee

"OVER you go!" Alan Ford was teaching his wire-haired terrier to leap a cane. "Higher!" He raised the hurdle. "Good work, old chap! You caught onto that pretty quick. I guess you're the smartest dog in this town."

Pepper rolled his whiskers and sighed gustily. He licked his sooty nose.

"When you're perfect in this stunt," Alan went on, "I'll teach you others. We'll show Jack and Fred and Hugh what a really intelligent dog can do."

"Anything you say goes with me, Boss," said Pepper's worshiping eyes. His stubby tail whacked the ground. Then, suddenly, his body tensed, his ears pricked.

Alan looked up. "Pffff!" he scoffed. "I'm surprised that a smart dog like you would get all excited over just a moving van. That vacant house next door has been rented. Mother told me the new neighbors are named Morse, and there is a boy——" Alan stopped; his attention upon an automobile that accompanied the van.

It was a nice car. In front were a man and a woman. In the back seat was a boy of about Alan's age and what seemed, at first glance, to be a big, brown fur rug. The boy opened the automobile door and, immediately, the fur rug bounded to the ground, a young, homely, almost comically clumsy dog.

"Gr-r-r!" rumbled Pepper.

The strange dog got the point instantly. He sat down on his haunches; fixed his bright eyes on Pepper; wrinkled a conciliatory nose. A deeper rumble came from the terrier's throat.

"Hush! Shame on you!" Alan scolded. "Lay off scaring a mere puppy out of the rest of his growth. That big fellow is only half grown. Can't you see he's fattish and his feet are too big to match the rest of him? I'm disappointed in you, Pepper."

The terrier hung his head.

"Well, we all make mistakes. Come on! Let's



"I guess you're the smartest dog in this town"

go over and get acquainted."

Alan was scrambling to his feet while he talked. But at that moment his mother appeared at the front door and called him to dinner.

A little later, Alan watched the activities next door from a window. Mr. and Mrs. Morse were trying to get their furniture under cover before dark, and the lumpish brown dog, evidently under the impression the hurrying back and forth was a game in which he was expected to join, made himself enough

bother for any one family. He rushed fatly here and there, getting behind the moving men to nip their heels playfully, dashing in front of them and tripping them up. Cries of "Stop that, Go-bang—Oh, my stars, what are you doing now, Go-b—Robert, can't you keep that crazy pup of yours out of mischief?" came clearly to Alan's ears across the lawn.

But, while Alan laughed, he was noticing, with approval, the way the owner of the animal kept even-tempered. Robert was trying to make the young dog be quiet but he was patient about it, and kind. Being next-door neighbor to a boy like Robert Morse was going to be all right.

Alan was awakened, the following morning, by shrill barking from the adjoining yard and Mrs. Morse's voice advising:

"You'd better tie the dog in the garage before you leave for school, Robert. It would be like him to follow you."

Alan sprang from bed and dressed in a hurry. But he didn't hurry quite fast enough, for he saw the new neighbor set off while he, himself, was still at breakfast. And by the time Alan reached the school grounds, half an hour or so later, Robert was not only already there, but he was surrounded by a sizable group of boys and girls all listening to him, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Alan hurried within earshot, then stopped in his tracks, amazed. What he heard was:



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[99]



"I'll bet none of you have seen a dog as beautiful as Go-bang, nor one that's so perfectly graceful. A famous artist paid my father to let him paint Go-bang's portrait. We've got I don't know how many blue ribbons that Go-bang won at dog-shows. He has a pedigree this long," Robert held his hands a considerable distance apart. "He's so valuable his life is insured. What do you think of that?"

"I think it's a whopper," muttered Alan, under his breath; "and I'd hate to tell you what I think of *you*, Mr. Robert. Huh! Imagine having a fellow who lies like that for a pal! No! Not for me, thank you."

Robert continued, "The reason Go-bang is so valuable isn't because of beauty or breeding, though. It's his education and training. There's not another dog in the United States—or maybe in the world—that understands what's said to him as Go-bang does. And he obeys, too."

"Oh, is—that—so?" Alan whispered. His gaze searched through the group of his schoolmates. All of his particular friends were there, and all were gaping and goggling with astonishment and admiration. "The big sillies, not to tumble to the fact they're being kidded!"

When, he asked himself bitterly, had Jack and Fred and the others ever oh-ed and ah-ed over Pepper's smartness? Never. Who cared how long Pepper's pedigree was? Nobody. Yet Pepper was a full-blooded wire-haired terrier; he was really smart—no fooling—and did understand and mind.

Alan didn't see Robert again that forenoon. But he heard about him. Alan was monitor of blackboards in his classroom. While he was cleaning them during the morning recess, his teacher came in from the playground. "They look nice," she praised. She meant the blackboards. She seated herself at her desk, continuing, pleasantly: "I'm sorry, however, you had to miss hearing the new boy, Robert Morse, tell about his dog. It was very interesting. And very amazing. Robert says Go-bang can spell five different words, with lettered blocks. Isn't that wonderful?"

Alan stared at Miss Bennett in shocked silence. She was his favorite teacher. He had always liked and admired her. He had believed she had sense. But now just listen to her! Alan squared his shoulders and sucked in a deep breath.

"My dog, Pepper, can spell *ten* words that way," he stated loudly and distinctly.

It was Miss Bennett's turn to stare. "Amazing!" she gasped. "I've noticed that bright-appearing little terrier of yours but I didn't dream he was so educated. Who taught him?"

Already Alan was wishing he hadn't told a lie, but, since he had, he could not figure any way out but by telling another. "I did," he mumbled.

"Remarkable!" Miss Bennett's eyes rounded. "For a boy of your age," she said, "I consider that a real achievement. But why haven't you mentioned it sooner?"

"I—I was w-waiting till I was sure

Pepper had learned it p-perfectly."

"And has he now?"

"Well—I g-guess so."

"Then I've a perfectly grand idea," said Miss Bennett enthusiastically. "Bring Pepper when you come back from lunch today and we'll take the first afternoon period to talk about dogs. Robert will tell us how Go-bang has been so highly trained. Then I want you to explain your own method and exhibit Pepper's spelling. The class will love it."

Sweat broke out on Alan's forehead. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "I don't know if my mother would want me to," he faltered, finally.

"Oh, I'll fix that for you. All you need do is get Pepper ready for his act and eat your lunch. After I've had my own lunch, I'll telephone your house and explain my plan."

A shiver skyrocketed up Alan's spine. He opened his mouth to say something, but his voice seemed to be gone. And before it came back, his schoolmates were trooping in. Recess was over. Miss Bennett was tapping her call-bell and the children were going to their seats, Alan among others.



*He rushed fatly here and there, tripping them up*

The rest of the morning was a blur to the unhappy boy. Oh, how he wished he hadn't told a whopper. But it seemed to him he just couldn't tell Miss Bennett what he'd done.

He didn't eat much lunch. He wasn't hungry. Even his favorite dessert failed to interest him. And suddenly the ice cream simply wouldn't go down, but lay melting in his mouth. His heart did a sort of scared jig. The telephone bell was ringing.

His mother's voice, as it drifted back from the hallway, was so low Alan couldn't make out her words. But he could guess what she was saying. He stole a shamed glance at his father, who detested liars.

It was quite a long telephone conversation, but at last it ended and the receiver clicked up. Alan felt sorry for his mother. He thought she must be feeling distressed and mortified on his account by now. He hated to look at her face, but he forced himself to do so. Then his eyes widened. His mother was smiling cheerfully.

"The call was for you, son," she said. "It was Mrs. Morse speaking for Robert. He wants you to come over after luncheon and see his dog."

"They are a nice family," Mr. Ford commented. "I had a chat with Morse a while ago. He tells me they own a ranch where they raise and train dogs. They left the place with a partner in the business and moved here so Robert could attend school."

"And have the companionship of other boys," supplemented Mrs. Ford, adding, as she took her place at the table: "On the ranch Robert had only dogs for playmates. He has missed his best pal, too, since Go-bang went to work in pictures. He draws a salary equal to that of many human actors. His trainer, of course, travels with him."

Alan stopped stirring his melting ice cream; his mother went on:

"The Morses didn't bring any of their own dogs to town. They picked up the one we've seen yesterday on their way here. It was evidently lost. They noticed it running along a lonely stretch of road with a sort of panicky look. Mr. Morse stopped the car and the dog promptly jumped in and nestled down beside Robert."

Mr. Ford chuckled. "Maybe that pup isn't so brainless after all. He showed pretty good judgment in choosing a master."

"He certainly did," Mrs. Ford agreed. "Mrs. Morse tells me Robert credits him with possibil-



*A shiver skyrocketed up Alan's spine. His voice seemed to be gone*

ities no one else, to date, has been able to believe. The boy thinks his new pet may develop into a second Go-bang. He wanted to name him 'Go-bang-the-second.' They tried it at first, but they says it's too hard to shout."

Mr. and Mrs. Ford were both laughing now, but Alan's flushed face was very sober.

"What makes your face so red," worried his mother, presently. "Aren't you well? You've eaten almost nothing. What's the matter?"

Alan told them. "I wish I hadn't," he ended.

"What are you going to do about it?" his father inquired, gravely.

Alan pondered a long moment. Then he squared his shoulders. "I'm going to call Miss Bennett right now," he said. "I'll tell her the honest-to-goodness truth, too—that I'm ashamed and sorry—that I'm off whoppers for life."

A little later, Alan returned from the telephone with a relieved smile. "Miss Bennett's a brick," he avowed. "She says she'll just let the matter drop. And she says," the smile broadened, "that she believes Pepper *could* learn to spell ten words with blocks."

Hearing his name, the terrier rose from where he had been napping. He came and rested his chin upon the knee of his idol. But the next instant the shaggy head had been lifted, inquiringly. A series of interesting sounds were coming from the adjoining yard. Scampering steps could be heard and shrill barking.

"Grr-rr!" remarked Pepper.

"Shhh!" warned Alan. "You musn't high-hat our new neighbors. Come! Let's go over and get acquainted. I'm going to ask Robert to help me teach you to spell. We'll show Jack and Fred and Hugh what a really smart dog can do."

# Robert E. Lee

RITA FRAME DEWEY

A LITTLE gray-eyed boy was listening to his mother tell him a story about George Washington.

"And you know, Robert, it was your own father who wrote those famous words about Washington, that he was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' Congress asked your father, Harry Lee, to deliver the memorial address on Washington's death."

The Lee family had been as prominent as the Washingtons in national life. From the time of their emigration from England to Virginia in 1641-2 they had been continually high in official life in Virginia, and had contributed two signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Though the boy, Robert E. Lee, was reminded often of the greatness of his family, he can scarcely have avoided noticing that he and his mother were really poor, and that their poverty was at least partly due to the "erratic financial ventures" of his father who was always risking a bird in the hand to catch a more beautiful one in the bush—and failing. Perhaps the young Robert could even remember (though he was then not yet three) the times when the door-knobs of his home at Stratford were "fastened with heavy chains" against the "officers with writs and capias." When Robert was about four years old, the family gave up trying to keep up appearances at the Lee homestead, Stratford, and moved to an unpretentious little place in Alexandria.

Robert early learned to become "the man of the house." When he was eleven his father died. Probably the boy always kept in the back of his mind a resolve to be the equal of his father in bravery and fame, but to be more level-headed and responsible in his business ventures. The vision of his father as the friend of Washington was the vision he liked to dream about. The great hero had died only eight years before Robert was born. No doubt, as the boy and his delicate mother drove out in their shabby carriage, many stories of Washington passed between them; for the Washingtons and Lees had been old friends.

Through managing on very little money the



*Robert E. Lee as a young man*

simple household of his mother, who was called "poor Anne" by her rich relatives, the boy learned to be thrifty. He liked responsibility, too. Life, however, was not all dull work for Robert. He went to school in Alexandria and in his holidays had very good times visiting the plantations of friends and relatives. Sometimes he went to Stratford, which a relative owned. This was a favorite spot. It seemed like his real home.

He fished and swam, rode and hunted, did all the things boys did and loved to do, and did them all well. Always he was very thoughtful of others and very kind to animals.

Sometimes Robert and his mother visited at Arlington which was owned by Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis. There was a girl at Arlington whom Robert liked to play with. That girl was Mary Custis, an only child.

When Robert was eighteen he was ready to go to college. Where would he go? Well, his ancestors had been soldiers. The logical place for a military career to begin seemed to be West Point. He would be paying his own way there, too. (His salary at West Point was eighteen dollars a month.)

Even though he led a rigorous life at college and had no demerits during the whole of his four years' stay at West Point, he probably greatly enjoyed dazzling his friends with his appearances



on holidays. In his uniform of West Point gray with white vest, three rows of shining bullet buttons and a collar so high it tickled his ears, a leather cap seven inches tall with a feather, a cord, and a medallion, this fine-looking young man with his good figure and his gray-brown eyes went to seek out Mary Custis and ask her to marry him.

The brilliant West Pointer's first assignment after graduation was coast surveying at Savannah. Meantime his mother died and he came into a little money which had been left in trust for him by his grandfather. After a year in Georgia, he was transferred to Hampton Roads where he made friends with a Connecticut officer named Talcott. Their friendship was very revealing of the fine character of Lee. During this time, too, Lee married Mary Custis. After three or four years the family moved to Arlington. The lieutenant was assigned to duty in Washington.

Life was enjoyable. There were children, pets, trees, and woods, and grass—simple things he liked. This unaffected man was a favorite with family, servants, pets, everyone, everywhere. All the Washington relics were in that house at Arlington where the Lees lived with the Custis family, and it can easily be imagined that Lee enjoyed his nearness to the personal belongings of his childhood hero. It seemed that here life was as pleasant as it was possible for life to be.

During the following years Lee's profession took him away on some missions, but the family remained at Arlington. In 1846 war broke out with Mexico and Lee earned for himself from his superior, General Scott, the description "the best soldier I ever saw in the field."

Despite his military expertness Lee still had time and inclination to write to his family about the beautiful yellow cats he had seen—about Spec, the pup who was the son of a little black and tan dog whom Lee had saved from drowning—about Traveler, his horse; about a baby sparrow that had fallen from its nest—about all the little things men so rarely think to write about and which families love to hear.

The Mexican War ended in 1848. Four years afterwards, Lee was made Superintendent of West Point. He held that position for three years. Shadows were beginning to darken the relations of North and South.

During all this time Robert E. Lee showed himself to be a "staunch opponent of slavery and secession." Lee was a soldier. He had ambition. He tried not to take sides. He had been promoted all along the line. Finally he was offered the chief command of the United States Army.

Yet he refused. He resigned his commission. Why?

The resignation of Lee's commission came only after Lincoln had issued "a call for 75,000 men to invade the South." Lee was a Virginian. He considered this act of the President "unconstitutional and dissolving the fraternal union he loved." If Lee were in command of the army he would have to fight against Virginia—against his own family and traditions. He felt that he could not break faith.

There is no need to tell much about the Civil War. It was hard and sad, like all wars. During the long hard months of it General Lee managed to squeeze time for cheerful letters to his beloved family—letters filled with humor and love and intimate talk of the pets.

Pets played an important part in the life of the Lees. There were the cats, Tom the Nipper, Baxter, Mrs. Smith, Gus, Mrs. Ruffner, Tom Tita, and Mrs. Jenkins. There was a pony, Santa Anna. There were the saddle horses, Lucy Long, Oreole, Grace Darling, Tom and Jerry, and Traveler. There was the pet house dog, Spec, and the rat terrier, Dart.

At last the war was over, but hatred was apt to linger on. Lee was man enough to abandon all animosity, and he could say to his southern friends, "Don't bring your children up to detest the United States Government. Recollect that we form one country now."

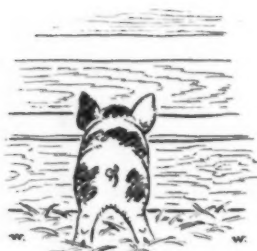
Lee showed his enthusiasm for peace in a very practical way. He accepted the presidency of a small college. Having led the South in war, he was eager to lead southern youth in the way of peace. With forty students in a small college at Lexington, Virginia, he set to work. Lee built up Washington College, now called Washington and Lee University, from a state of "bankruptcy and general inefficiency" to become one of the largest and most influential colleges of the South.

"We have but one rule here," was Lee's answer to a student who asked for a copy of the "rules," "that every student must be a gentleman."

Washington College was operated on the principle of the honor system. It worked.

"We were not exactly afraid of the General," wrote an old student to one of Lee's biographers, "but we were so unwilling to do anything which would justly merit his censure that this respect really amounted to fear."

Lee, the great general, became Lee the great college president, the great peacemaker. He wrote, "I much enjoy the charms of civil life and find too late I have wasted its best years; the great mistake of my life was taking a military education."



*He put his pink nose  
close to the crack and  
sniffed*

## Grunty Pig and Buzzy Bear

GRACE IRENE BENNETT

Illustrations by Wynna Wright

**G**RUNTY was a funny little black and white pig. He had a little round pink nose, four short little legs, a round fat little body and a curly tail.

He could squeal, and he could grunt. Whenever he was hungry or frightened he squealed. When he was satisfied and happy he grunted.

One day Grunty Pig was rooting around the pen. He dug up the ground with his nose to see if he could find anything good to eat.

All at once a little breeze came whiffing along from the woods. Grunty thought that he smelled something good.

"Sniff, sniff, sniff," went his little wiggly pink nose, and he said, "I smell honey."

The little breeze didn't blow again for a while; so Grunty couldn't tell whether he had smelled honey or not. He stood on his hind legs, put his pink nose close to the crack in the fence and sniffed.

Then Grunty began to dig a hole under the fence with his pink nose.

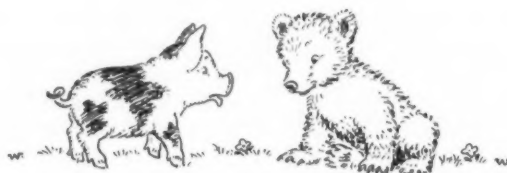
Dig, dig, dig, went his nose into the brown earth and the hole grew bigger and bigger. Soon it was big enough for Grunty to squeeze through; so he did.

Then he began to run. He ran and he ran and he ran in the direction of the honey smell.

"Trot, trot, trot," went his neat little feet.

All at once he heard a big crashing noise as if someone were falling off a log. Little Grunty Pig stopped short and hid under a gooseberry bush.

All at once a little brown ball rolled out of the bushes and rolled right up to the bush where Grunty Pig was hiding.



*Then he saw what the brown ball really was*

Grunty jumped and squealed, "Wee, wee, wee!"

And then he saw what the brown ball really was!

It was a little brown bear with two perky ears, two bright little eyes, a short little tail and a fuzzy brown fur!

When the little brown bear saw Grunty Pig he shook his shaggy head and said, "Woof, woof."

Little Grunty was so frightened that he squealed.

He started to run away, but little Buzzy Bear said, "Stop; don't run away. I won't hurt you. I want to find some honey and I want a friend to go hunting with. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, I will, if you don't woof at me,"



said Grunty. "I'm going after honey, too. Let's go together."

"All right," said Buzzy Bear. "I won't woof at you."

They sniffed the air with their noses.

"Sniff, sniff. That honey is located somewhere to the south of us," said Buzzy Bear.



*The bees came buzzing after them*

"Then south we go," said Grunty Pig.

And off they went. The honey smell grew stronger and stronger. At last the two friends came in sight of a farm.

"I hope that there is plenty of it," said Grunty Pig.

"I hope that the honey will be easy to get," said Buzzy Bear.

They walked into the barn yard. Their noses told them that the honey was near the house. They found the bee hive. The honey was inside of the wooden hive.

"I'll tip the hive over," said Buzzy Bear.

"We'll have to eat quickly," said Grunty Pig, "because the bees will sting us. Let's both run and tip the hive over."

So they rushed toward the bee hive! Bang! They tipped it over. Off came the cover of the hive and out flew the bees. Buzzy and Grunty broke into the honey

comb. They grabbed great mouthfuls of honey and then the bees began to sting them. Grunty Pig began to cry.

Buzzy Bear had such thick fur that the bee stings didn't hurt him so much.

"Come, let's go," cried Grunty.

"All right," said Buzzy.

They began to run. Grunty ran with little quick pattery steps. Buzzy Bear lumbered along on his big feet. The bees came buzzing after them.

"Wee, wee, wee, I'm stung," cried Grunty Pig.

"Here's a little mud hole; let's lie down in that," said Grunty. So they did.

Grunty covered himself with mud to cool his stings. Buzzy covered himself with mud to cool his stings.

The bees said, "Buzz, buzz, buzz, we've stung them enough. They won't bother us again. Let's go home." And they did.

Grunty and Buzzy looked at each other. Their eyes were nearly swollen shut from stings. They began to laugh because each one looked so funny.

"You certainly look funny," laughed Grunty.

"You certainly look funny, too," laughed Buzzy.

"The honey was good, wasn't it?" said Buzzy.

"It certainly was," said Grunty. "I don't care if I did get stung."

"Neither do I," said Buzzy. They looked at each other and then they laughed loud and long as they rolled in the mud, because they did look so extremely funny.



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*Is our cherry tree in bloom?  
Is it? No!  
What are all the white puffs then?  
Why, they're snow!*

*Hush! Is somebody crying?  
Crying? No!  
It is just the wind a-bowling,  
Blowing so.*

—THALIA BARTHOLOMEW,  
Age 12, P. S. No. 35, Hollis, New York City

## "HAPPY NEW YEAR" AROUND THE WORLD

PEOPLES of all the earth give each other greetings and best wishes when another year begins. Here are some of the ways in which they say "Happy New Year." It is interesting to notice how certain languages belong to the same family. For example, notice the word for "year": in French, Italian, and Spanish, it plainly goes back to the Latin word *annus*; while the word in English, German, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian shows the Germanic kinship among these languages.

Nahanniyakum Bissanatil Jadida!.....Arabic  
Shnorhavor nor Dari!.....Armenian  
Tretna nova godina!.....Bulgarian  
Guo nien!.....Chinese  
Dobre zdravi v novm roce!.....Czech  
Godt nyt Aar!.....Danish  
Onnelikku ja edurikast uut aastat!—  
Estonian  
Bonne Année!.....French  
Glückliches neues Jahr!.....German

Nea sal mubarik!.....Hindustani  
Boldo ujevat Kivánók!.....Hungarian  
Buon Anno!.....Italian  
Sveiki Jauna gada!.....Latvian  
Godt nyt är!.....Norwegian  
Sal e no Farhonda Bad!.....Persian  
Zyczenia noworoczne 1935!.....Polish  
Anul nou cu bucurie!.....Roumanian  
S novom godom!.....Russian  
Tretna nova godina!.....Serbian  
Feliz Año Nuevo!.....Spanish  
Gott nytt ar!.....Swedish  
Yeni yıl Kutlu Olsun!.....Turkish

## THE JANUARY PROGRAM PICTURE

IVAN is painting a kayak as a Christmas present for his small brother, carefully copying the design on his own canoe. The kayak will probably first be used as a dish to hold fish-oil, into which each guest at the Christmas feast will dip his piece of walrus meat.

As Ivan works, his mind is full of the spring days when he can lay aside his fur-lined parka, and start again with his pals to explore the shores above and below Wrangel, in south-eastern Alaska.

All summer long they are free to push with their kyaks into wild creeks and fjords, discovering cascades and islands they have never seen before, coming on shoals of fish in quiet coves, on abandoned huts of trappers and gold-diggers, on swamps where berries grow, and rocks bright with bluebells and columbine.

Ravens cry from the dark forests; a bear trots along the shore looking for honey; an ancient war canoe lies rotting on the beach; a lonely totem pole marks the spot where a chief is buried.

There are days when the boys pass below a glacier that has never reached the sea, but hangs high over head in the cleft of a mountain. Or they may skirt the end of another glacier where it leaves the land, and hear the crack and roar of the ice as it breaks away from the solid stream, to float and topple in the black water as miniature icebergs.

But except for the cry of the raven and the growl of the ice there is no sound in that part of the world, where the venturesome kayaks feel their way deeper and deeper into the silence of the north.—A. M. U.

TEACHER (in geography class): Can anyone tell me where Pittsburgh is?

VOICE (in rear): Sure, they're playing in New York now.

—The Akron Teacher



U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM

*The Stourbridge Lion*

*THE pictures on this page show the long jump railroad transportation has made in the United States in a hundred years. The high school at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, told correspondents in the high school at Salinas, Puerto Rico, the story of the Stourbridge Lion.*

**T**HE Stourbridge Lion was the first locomotive to turn a wheel by steam on the American continent. The Lion was built by Foster, Rastrick and Company in England. The engine was shipped from Stourbridge to Liverpool in February, 1829; and from Liverpool on April 8, 1829, by the ship *John Jay*. The ship reached New York on May 13, more than a month later. The Lion cost the company, delivered, \$2,914.90. It was unloaded and taken to the shops of William Kemble, and was demonstrated there under steam on May 28.

The managers were eager to have the locomotive make its trial run. Therefore, it was sent up the Hudson River on July 2, 1829, and reached Rondout, New York, a day later. From there it started on July 16 up the old canal to Honesdale. It arrived in Honesdale on July 22, 1829. Horatio Allen was waiting there to receive the Lion, and under his direction it was placed on the track.

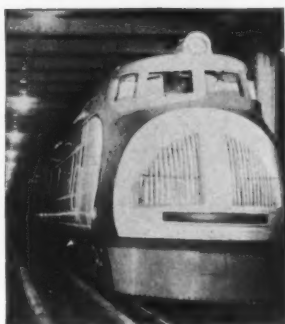
On August 8, 1829, Mr. Allen, unaided and alone, drove the Lion upon an epoch-making trip, partly over a curved trestle, three miles into the woods of Pennsylvania to the site of Seelyville. He returned to the starting point by reversing his engine. He said that the general opinion of the lookers-on was that either the road would break down under the weight, or, if

## The Stourbridge Lion

the curve was reached in safety, the locomotive would not follow it upon the track. So he decided to ride alone in order not to risk any other lives. The track was straight for about six hundred feet parallel with the canal, and crossed the Lackawaxen Creek by a trestle thirty feet high on a curve nearly one-fourth of a mile long.

The road was built with rails of six-by-twelve-inch hemlock stringers set on edge and cut in twenty and thirty foot lengths.

They were held together by cross-ties at intervals of ten and fifteen feet and supported on posts set in broken stone or on stone piers. The running surface of the rails was protected by wrought iron straps two and one-half inches wide, half an inch thick, and about fifteen and one-half feet long. They were secured to the wooden rail by wooden screws. When the hemlock proved too soft, strips of hardwood one and one-half inches thick and four inches wide were later spiked to the



WIDE WORLD

*The M 10,001*

top of the hemlock rails and the iron bars were spiked to these hardwood strips.

This construction, with wooden rails and trestles at many points, was found to be inadequate to sustain the weight of the locomotive and was considered unsafe. The managers of the company found it necessary to abandon, for a number of years, the use of locomotives upon this railroad. But this three-mile run of the Stourbridge Lion, on August 8, 1829, is a historic event of prime significance and will never be forgotten.

The Lion again ran on September 9, 1829. After this second trial run the engine was removed from the track and stored alongside of the rails. Winter came and it was given a rough covering of boards for protection against the weather. It remained thus sheltered until 1849. Then it was taken to Carbondale, Pennsylvania, where the boiler was put to use in the machine shops. The boiler remained in this service for over twenty years.

In the 'eighties the Lion stood in the foundry yard of Lindsay and Early at Carbondale. On June 18, 1889, that firm deposited it in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

ONCE upon a time there lived an emperor named Chi-hoang-ti whose conceitedness outshone any conceitedness which had ever been seen before. He was a real emperor, not a fairy-tale one; and he was of the Ts'in Dynasty. If your knowledge of modern history equals that of the average scholar (Chinese scholar, I mean, of course,) you will do a little lightning calculation and conclude that Emperor Chi-hoang-ti reigned something over two thousand years ago, which is indeed the case.

Now the Emperor Chi-hoang-ti had at his disposal an infinite number of methods, products of a highly developed civilization, for showing how conceited he was. He had more servants than any other emperor of his or any previous dynasty, and he ignored them more completely; he ate daintier food with cleaner fingers with longer nails than had ever before been seen; he had more magnificent robes than any other potentate, and these stuck out both front and back and swung with a more impressive swagger than the robes of any other man on earth. But still he was unsatisfied. He was so conceited that he could scarcely go to sleep at night until he had thought up a new way to exhibit his conceitedness next day.

Not all the rulers of China had been like Chi-hoang-ti. There had been, it is true, other vain and foolish princes, but there had also been kind and studious ones, men who took counsel with the sages concerning ways to make the land they ruled more fruitful and the families more contented. And so it came about that the great Book of Historical Documents, beloved of every scholar, contained many stories of the noble deeds of China's Golden Age of generous government. Chi-hoang-ti hated these because they offered so clear though mute a contrast to his own outrageous ways.

Chi-hoang-ti had made a journey to the South, he had swaggered throughout his Empire to assure himself that "wherever sun and moon do shine, all must appear before him acknowledging

[108]



*Photograph of an embroidered Chinese tapestry in the Cernuschi Museum*

## How Scholars Out

CHARLOTTE

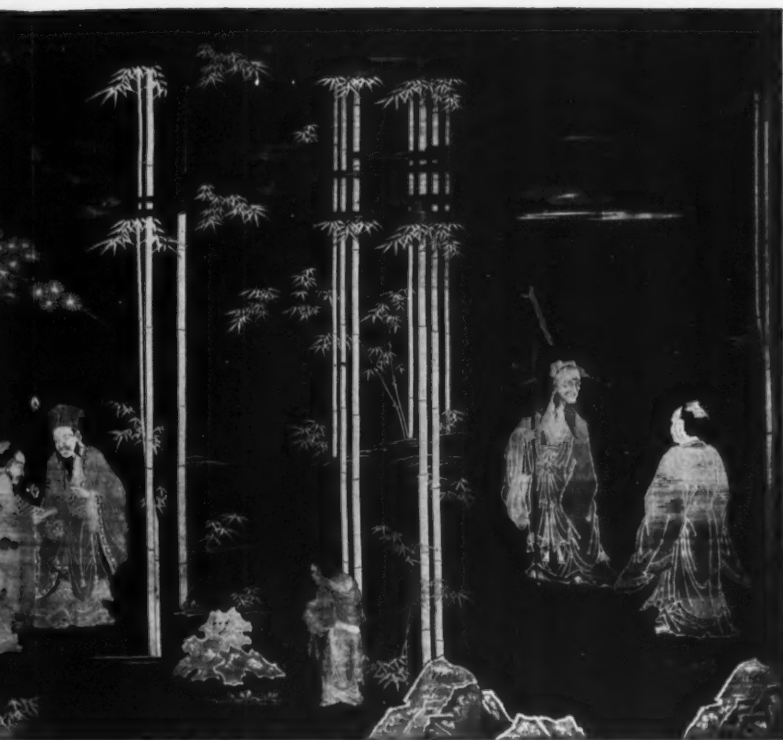
subjection," as his Lord High Superintendent of Archery flatteringly phrased it. It was indeed true. For the present all China bowed to his command; only the past mocked him; and this fact so preyed upon his mind that finally six hairs, which he could ill afford to lose, fell from his drooping moustache.

Really in order to forget this depressing event, but ostensibly to celebrate his return from his journey, the Emperor Chi-hoang-ti decided to give a great feast. Nothing took his mind off the silent accusation of the past and the marked sparseness of his flowing moustache like a feast, and especially the charming things that the Lord High This and That said afterwards.

Seeing that His Majesty looked more than usually sallow and downhearted on this splendid occasion, his guests, when the twenty-seventh sweetmeat had been duly passed, began to vie with one another in their efforts to cheer him up by catering to his conceit.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this flow of pretty





*muschi Museum, Paris, showing the scholars memorizing the classics*

## Outwitted Conceit

OTTE F. KETT

words, the chief minister began to speak quite seriously, and although no one's expression changed by so much as a raised eyelash, it flashed across the minds of all that here was a counsel that would really please the emperor. His Excellency spoke forcefully; his proposal, he said, he put forward at the risk of his life, but he willingly ran this risk in order to preserve the empire from an insidious peril which was gnawing at its root—the influence of scholars who honored learning more than the unity of China, the infamy of men who had the audacity to read to the people out of the Book of Historical Documents and to ask them to compare the present with the past. “If these things are not prohibited, your Majesty’s authority will decline,” he declared in solemn tones.

A shudder ran down the spines of his listeners. “What audacity!” they thought. “What injury to the emperor’s prestige even to imply that his authority *could* decline!” Although the ministers trembled at this suggestion, Chi-hoang-ti

knew in his heart that it was true.

The prime minister spoke on, putting forth his remedy: “I pray that all the records in charge of the historiographers be burned—excepting those of Ts’in, the state from which Your Majesty has sprung. Also that all throughout the empire who presume to keep copies of books be required to go with them to the officers in charge of the several districts and there to burn them publicly. Also that all who speak together about books be put to death and their bodies exposed in the market place, and that those who praise the past so as to blame the present shall die, and all their relatives.”

The next day there was a lot of running to and fro in the town, and behind carefully closed doors much furtive whispering. Was it really true? Ah, surely, it was but a sardonic pleasantry of His Majesty! Indeed not! It had been said, and on good authority, that the state officers would ransack every house, every temple even, and put to death all who had not carried out to the last word this extraordinary order. Towards evening people began to believe it, and when Li-Hing-Pu went quietly and gently, as became a man of learning, to have his usual evening chat with Chang-Hwa, he found that kindly old gentleman crouched in a dispirited heap in a corner, resolved to die.

“Live to see that day? Me, Chang-Hwa?” he asked. “Never! Does His Majesty seek to make a mock of our calling? That is impossible; scholarship is high and beyond mockery. It must be therefore that he seeks to make a mock of scholars. In my case that will also be impossible. The eyes of Chang-Hwa will not open upon the day when the books must burn.”

Li-Hing-Pu was obliged to admit the dignity of his friend’s position, but, being a younger man himself and somewhat less resigned in nature, he could not help feeling a certain rage at the injustice and horror of the Emperor’s edict.

“It is outrageous,” he insisted. “Let us not submit, let us resist!”

"To resist injustice is but to give it power, power also over those who resist," his friend reminded him. "Besides, what could withstand the emperor's will? It is evident that learning and wisdom must perish from the earth."

"And why? Merely to feed the royal vanity, merely that future generations may call Chi-hoang-ti the Father of History? Is it not a sin of hugest magnitude to kill the memory of a thousand years to gorge an emperor's pride? It shall not be!" declared the younger man.

"Alas, my son," said Chang-Hwa, "what power have you against the emperor of all the Chinas?"

"I have at least the power of wit against stupidity. Are you not ashamed, master and great scholar? Are you worthy your half-century's communion with the greatest minds of all the ages if you can contrive no way to outwit the executioners save to do their work for them?"

At this turn of the conversation a new light flickered into the tired eyes of the old scholar.

"You are right, my son; to what end have we intelligence if we can not use it now? You have a plan?"

"I have! Listen; Chi-hoang-ti, though an emperor, is mortal."

"But so, alas, are we."

"Knowledge is not."

"Knowledge, however, is kept alive in books. And when the moon again is full the books must be destroyed; how then is learning's immortality to be maintained?"

"Have I not been your student? Did you not teach me word for word the classics of the past?"

"I see, I see! Let every man of learning take a student, five students, ten students . . ."

"Yes—and let every student learn perfectly a book, two books, three books—as many as he can until the moon be full, and let these men be young, so that when our emperor is joined to his ancestors they will have ample time to write the books again."

And so it came about that the robbers who lived in the woods on the outskirts of the great city found their domain invaded on the morrow and every day for thirty days, as long as the light lasted, by solitary youths sitting on fallen logs, crouching behind clumps of bracken murmuring, murmuring over old manuscripts, while all day long other youths walked up and down the leafy aisles in converse with old men. If a stranger passed and tried to hear their conversation, all he ever could catch would be: "Then I told her to prepare a bowl of rice," or "He drew the lucky number by the rarest chance. . . ."

But once the stranger had gone by, the two would cease to speak of trivial things, and the

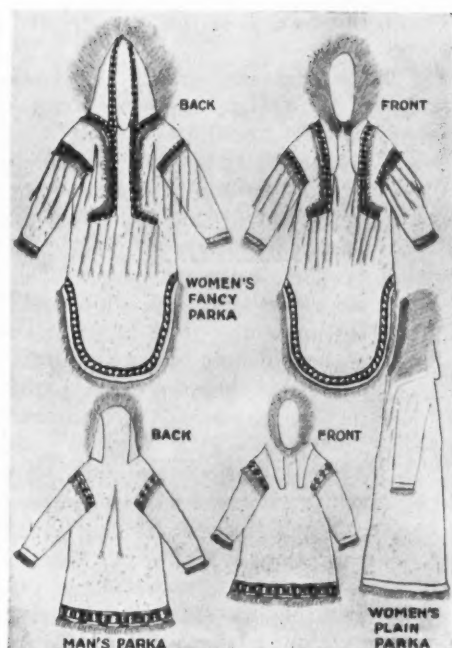
boy would repeat after the master accounts of the great rulers Yao and Shun, reciting such beautiful passages as this of Yao:

"He was kind as Heaven, wise as the gods. He wore a yellow cap and dark tunic and rode in a red chariot with white horses. The eaves of his thatch were not trimmed, and the beams had no ornamental ends. He drank his lentil broth from a clay dish with a wooden spoon. He did not use jewels and his clothes were simple and without variety. In summer, a simple garb of cotton, in winter, deerskins. Yet was he the richest, wisest, longest-lived and most beloved of all that ever ruled."

Thus, in thirty days when the day of burning came, the scholars, old and young, bore themselves with dignity while China's precious treasure, her record of good deeds, went up in smoke. Only Fu-Su, the emperor's son, begged and pleaded that this infamy be not committed. For this the boy was banished to distant desolation and set to work on the Great Wall. Perhaps the scholars were too calm. At all events, something in their attitude so aroused the suspicion of their emperor that he did not leave them peace but ordered that their houses and their persons be vigorously searched at any hour of day or night.

Four hundred and sixty men were caught red-handed, so to speak. That is to say, bamboo slips and tablets bearing ancient writings were found buried beneath their floors or tucked into hidden places in their walls. For such men great pits were dug in which they were interred alive. And whosoever was related to them, or whosoever so much as spoke his pity for their fate, was banished to the Wall.

But as Li-Hing-Pu had said, the emperor was not immortal, and in eleven years there dawned the Dynasty of Han when youths who had learned their classics in the woods during that last month of the books' existence could set to work to write them down again on tablets of bamboo. But after eleven years some remembered this way and some that; so there was argument. Then by order of the gracious Emperor Hiau Wu, came a renewed searching for old copies of sacred manuscripts, and some say that there were miracles—that secret music not of this world directed searchers to unimagined hiding spots. And so men worked for centuries to reestablish the old texts beyond the shadow of a doubt of their authenticity. Then, remembering the past, they did a most wise thing—they carved those texts on stone so that no conceited emperor wishing to stand at the beginning of all history could again commit a crime like that of Chi-hoang-ti.



Drawings of parkas made by Eskimo Juniors

*FROM the school at Noorvik, away up near the Arctic Circle on Kotzebue Sound, Alaska, the Dewey School, District 17, Lesterville, South Dakota, received some unusual correspondence not long ago. The Eskimo children in the Alaskan school told about how their people get food and clothing from the animals of the region. They had a great deal to say about the part played by the reindeer in their lives.*

**M**OST of the meat we have up here is from the reindeer. In winter the reindeer eats moss by digging for it under the snow, while in the summer they eat fresh leaves, green grass, berries, and moss. Reindeer are driven into the corral in the latter part of July. Fawns are killed for their skins, which are made into parkas. These skins are softer, lighter, and the hair falls out less quickly. The big butchering is in November. Each man skins his own deer. The intestines are taken out and the legs are cut off before the carcasses freeze. They are kept in the caches for our winter food.

Reindeer antlers are used for making fish hooks, sinkers for nets, handles for knives, saws, Eskimo picks, and fish-scale scrapers.

The leg bones are crushed with a hammer or a rock. Then they are cooked to get the grease out from the bones. This is used for lard and sometimes the marrow is made into soup. The feet are cooked about a day. When they are

## Reindeer, Parkas, and Mukluks

done the hoofs are taken off and we eat the feet, which have much jelly in them.

To make "Eskimo ice cream," fish is cooked, boned, and pressed to get the water out. It is then dried in an oven. Reindeer fat is cut into small pieces and mashed with a hammer. Then it is mixed with warm seal oil. It is stirred with the hands to make it increase in bulk. This makes it get as white as snow. The fish is now stirred into this mixture. Blueberries, salmon berries, cranberries, prunes, raisins, dried apples, meat, Eskimo potatoes, dried fish, or Eskimo spinach is put into it. Some people like sugar in it, too; do you think you would like Eskimo ice cream? We like it very much, because it is fat.

To get seals, from three to six crews go hunting at the same time. They sit on the ice by a hole. When the seals come up in this hole the men strike them with spears. The hunters divide all the seals they catch. The women skin them and cut the fat off. They sew up the holes in the skin to make it airtight. Now the skin is blown up like a balloon. The air dries it. The fat is cut into small pieces and put into this skin. The oil comes out of the fat and soon the skin is full of seal oil. This is called a poke of seal oil. The pokes weigh from seventy-five to two hundred pounds. We eat seal oil on meat, dried fish, in Eskimo ice cream, with berries and frozen fish, and we also feed it to the dogs. It makes us fat and keeps us warm.

We make our parkas out of deer, fawn, rabbit, muskrat, seal, squirrel, or any other kind of skin we get in this country. But now I'm going to tell you how we make a parka out of deerskin, because that is what we have most of the time.

First we scrape two skins, which are enough for one parka. Now we wet them with a mixture of fish eggs, soap, and water, a flour and water mixture, or the brains of the deer. After that we fold them and put them under something that is heavy enough to press them. About a day later we work them with our hands until both skins are dry. Then we work in a white stone that has been crushed as fine as flour to make



them very soft. They are scraped with another kind of flat scraper. After that they are cut and sewed.

For women the parka is longer and the hood is cut differently. We put trimming on the bottom, around the arms, and on the back of the hood. Then we put the wolverine and wolf fur around the bottom edge and around the edge of the hood so it will touch the face. This makes the parka look pretty and moisture from the breath does not freeze to dog or wolf fur as it does to other kinds. Only a good sewer can do that. Some make fine trimming out of thin white and black deer skins or out of leather. Some women make plain parkas without trimming or wolverine. But they must have ruffs to keep the frost from the face.

For soft-bottomed mukluks the skin is prepared much as it is for parkas. The mukluks are made with their hair inside for the bottoms. This will keep the feet warm. The tops are made with the hair outside.

Sleeping bags are made out of two reindeer skins. The skins must have very thick long hair to make a good warm sleeping bag. They are stretched on the ground. After they freeze they are hung on a high line so the dogs will not tear them. They are left outdoors until they are dry. After they are tanned, the skins are sewed with sinew thread. The bag is lined with flannel and the outside is covered with khaki. Only women who are good sewers make sleeping bags.

To make mittens we first make a paper pattern and then cut them out of skin. We sew with sinew thread because the other thread is not strong enough to make things which are made of skins. The stitches must be very fine so that the wind and snow will not go through them. To make the mittens look pretty we sew on beaver, muskrat skin, or colored cloth with embroidery on it.

For making leather, a good reindeer skin that has no holes is selected. Water is put on the skin side to wet it thoroughly. Now it is rolled up and placed in a gunny sack and hung in a warm place. This is done every morning for about one week, or until the hair loosens. The skin must be wet all the time. When the hair is loose it is all pulled out and then washed. The skin is put into willow bark water until it is very red. It is stretched on the ground and left to freeze. Then

it is hung on a line to dry. After it is dry it is scraped.

Leather mukluks are made from the hides of the reindeer. White leather is put on top with fancy trimming on it. We put long leather strings to tie them.

Most water mukluks are made of seal skin because these skins are waterproof. All these mukluks have bottoms of oogrook hide. Oogrook is a big seal. Bottoms are cut to fit and then soaked in cold water to soften. After this they are chewed with teeth or creased with a knife and turned up a little way. We use oogrook bottoms because they are thicker and will last longer.

We get sinew for sewing in this way: After the deer is skinned, the legs are cut off. The tendons are pulled out and hung up to dry. After they are

very dry, they are separated into fine threads. Two of these are twisted together to make a sinew thread.

#### A LONG REINDEER JOURNEY

THE reindeer were brought to Alaska from Siberia in 1889. Lapp herders came with them to teach the Eskimos how to handle them. White hunters had been killing off the walrus and whales to such an extent that the natives were at the point of starvation, and the reindeer were needed for their food and clothing supplies. Now there are thousands of reindeer in Alaska, most of them owned by the Eskimos themselves.

About five years ago, the Canadian government bought for the Eskimo of the Mackenzie delta a herd of three thousand Alaskan reindeer. They were to be driven the eight hundred miles from their range on the shores of Kotzebue Sound to the delta region. Olaus J. Murie told the story of the herd in "Canada's Reindeer Immigrants" in the September, 1930, *News*. They got lost, but early in 1933 they were found and set on the journey which should have ended about two years earlier. Last January the herd was driven on to the ice of the Mackenzie River for the last lap of the trek. They had been waiting for the freeze so as to be able to cross. But before they got half way, they came on great stretches of ice blown bare of snow, and reindeer can not travel on glare ice. A blizzard stampeded the herd back to the feeding grounds where they had been since the spring of 1933. This month they will start again over the ice by a new route.



*Soft-bottomed mukluks*



# Something to Read

## AWAY GOES SALLY

Elizabeth Coatsworth: Macmillan: \$2.00  
(Girls, 8 to 12)

FROM the moment she heard that her cousin Sophronia had a pet bear and played with the Indian children, Sally wanted to go a-pioneering on the Penobscot River in Maine. Uncle Joseph wanted to go, too. Young Aunt Esther would gladly go; even good-natured, lazy Uncle Eben and timid Aunt Deborah were willing; but Aunt Nannie swore that she and Sally would never leave their own fire.

As the year wore on, Aunt Nannie changed her mind; but she was never one to admit such a weakness. Uncle Joseph knew it. How could he get her to do what she wanted to do, without going back on her word? The leaves fell off the trees, the sausage was made, the hams were smoked, the new woolen cloth was woven, and the tailor came to make the uncles' new suits before Thanksgiving. Uncle Joseph began to spend much time in the far pasture.

One day, after Christmas, Sally and the aunts drove in the sleigh to Quincy and had dinner with Great-aunt Colman. Great-aunt was as disagreeable as she was old, but she had a big house and a little black page boy to open the door for her, and a pet monkey and a parrot; and she had more different kinds of food than Sally had ever seen at one dinner before.

But what a surprise was waiting for them when they got home! Down from the far pasture came the uncles, driving six yoke of oxen, hitched to a little house on runners. Aunt Nannie would not have to leave her own fire or sleep in a strange bed, and still she could go to Maine. And they would have a house to live in when they got there. Within the week—away went Sally and the aunts in the little house, with the cat purring on Aunt Nannie's bed and the six little kettles, for the three kinds of tea, the coffee, and the chocolate that were cooked every tea-time, hanging in the Franklin stove.

Sometimes Sally sat behind Uncle Joseph as he rode his big horse and saw to it that the oxen and cattle moved steadily along; and sometimes she snuggled down in the sleigh beside Uncle Eben. It was fun, too, going through the woods and past the farms in the little house on runners.

The country grew wilder and wilder as they went north. They had some adventures. Once there was a big snowstorm that frightened even Uncle Joseph. But at last, when the snow was beginning to melt, they came to Pleasant Valley. There they set the little house down on the hillside, overlooking the wide Penobscot, and called Maine home.

I think you will like this book. It tells how little girls used to live just after the Revolution. And it has some good poems in it.

## NUVAT THE BRAVE

Radko Doone: Macrae-Smith: \$2.00  
(Ages 9 to 14)

AFTER Nuvat had been wandering alone for a month on a huge floating ice field, even the stones and bare earth of an uninhabited island seemed good to him. With no companions but his dogs, no tools but his knife and seal spear, the Eskimo boy set to work to build himself a home.

Exploring his island carefully, he was overjoyed to find an outcropping of soapstone, and the huge bare bones of some extinct animal. From the soft soapstone he hollowed out a crude seal-oil lamp that would give him both heat and light; from the bone he made frames for a tent and for a kayak, the Eskimo canoe. When he had killed some seals and cleaned and dried their hides, he covered his kayak with leather, and, sewed himself a new suit of clothes.

All these things he did in the evenings while the ice lasted and the seals remained to be hunted by day. When the ice broke up, he spent his days in his kayak on the bay, hunting seals and having many hairbreadth escapes.

At the end of the summer, two of his dogs had puppies. Nuvat realized then that when the young dogs were big enough to help pull his sled, he would be able to go home again over the ice.

But it was late the next year before Nuvat set out with a team of nineteen dogs, his kayak, a large umiak, or freight boat, and a supply of seal meat. He was racing with time, trying to get back to the mainland before another spring should set him adrift on the ice once more. When he finally got to solid land he had lost the umiak and most of his supplies in the sea. For days he struggled on, living on the shortest rations; and then he was stricken with snow blindness. In spite of everything, however, he did get home at last, to tell in his own village the amazing saga of his adventures. It is a thrilling tale, not only for its adventure, but also because it tells just how an Eskimo makes the things he needs for living in the ice and snow.—J. W. S.

## Fellow Workers Abroad

**T**HE J. R. C. group of Strathroy, Ontario, Canada, gave a quilt for a child's bed to a Red Cross hospital. The girls embroidered the quilt with red crosses and the names of the contributors. The boys collected the money and got much more than they needed to pay for the quilt.

**O**NE hundred and fifty boys of the lower school of Athens College, Greece, joined the Junior Red Cross. They report:

This is the program which we follow every week: On Monday, we meet and discuss different subjects; on Wednesday, we study first aid, and on Friday, play games. Very often members address the boys during the morning assemblies. We put health rules up on the bulletin boards, and are going to organize a week for health in which we will give lectures on the topic and will try to interest people in such questions. We have prepared eight albums which we have sent to other countries. We give receptions to other Red Cross groups. We play useful and interesting games. We have a small drug store which every Red Cross boy knows how to use. We have printed the first aid rules and try to keep them always.

**T**HE organization of first aid on highways in Italy dates from 1929. Posts are placed at ten-mile intervals in the open country or in places where neither hospital, doctor, nor drug store is to be found, and, of course, at particularly dangerous spots.

The posts have a small metal cupboard divided into two compartments, one containing material which can be used by unskilled persons in case of emergency. The other, which is kept locked, contains medical and surgical supplies which can only be placed in the hands of trained first-aid workers. These cupboards are kept supplied by the Italian Red Cross. A person trained in First Aid is appointed guardian.

**M**EMBERSHIP in the Junior Red Cross of Australia now exceeds ninety thousand, and is growing rapidly in Tasmania. Members in New South Wales have raised £3,462 for their three homes for sick children of veterans; those in Victoria earned £2,164 for their work with

child victims of infantile paralysis. In South Australia lately £300 was raised in one week by the Juniors for their seaside cottage for delicate and crippled children. Elementary First Aid and Home Nursing courses have many students.

Australian members correspond with 199 groups in twenty-two other countries.



*Doll in Lapland costume sent to Wisconsin by Juniors of Nordfold, Norway. It was the Lapps who first tamed the reindeer*

**T**HE J. R. C. Circle in Staszic Public School for Girls in Lwow, Poland, has one hundred and forty members. They collect clothes, shoes, and food and distribute them among the poorest of their comrades. They organize health talks and health games, try to keep order and tidiness in their school, and exchange letters and portfolios with other countries. To raise funds for the aims of their Circle they give entertainments. They feed the birds during the winter.

**JUMMEI SCHOOL**, Amatagun, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan, sent this letter to Lincoln Junior High School, Huntington, West Virginia:

We thank you for your beautiful Christmas portfolio. We are now sending you this one in return. All of us, girls, thirteen years old, have prepared it for you; and we hope it will help you in getting an idea of our land. Your country is in the far distance. Yet, whenever we meet the word "U. S. A.," it makes us feel as if we heard the name of our nearest neighbor. Dear American Juniors, let us be friends and work for the world as members of the Red Cross!

The doll which you sent us a few years ago is still fresh and lovely. The other day, we dressed her in a new frock. She cries "Mama!" in a very charming voice when we embrace her. All of us love her very much. She has become our dearest friend.

**A JUNIOR Link** in a girls' school at Bury St. Edmunds, England, took part recently in a competition for the best invalid tray arranged exactly as they would arrange one in their own homes. The girls provided and prepared the food themselves. They had the choice between preparing a breakfast tray for an invalid on ordinary

diet, or a luncheon tray for an invalid on diabetic diet. The bread was all home-made, and the meals were actually served to patients in the hospital.

**JUNIORS** in the Upper Grammar School, Dobrany, Czechoslovakia, wrote in an album to this county:

We were very much surprised when we heard that we would receive Christmas gifts from the American Junior Red Cross. Your gifts made us very happy, especially since they come from such a long distance and because it is a proof of your love for the children of our country. We shall keep the gifts which we received as a souvenir of brotherhood and love among the children throughout the world.

According to the addresses on the boxes we see that the gifts were sent us by several schools. Since we can not thank them each separately, we beg you to interpret our sincere thanks to all the members of the American Junior Red Cross in your Junior magazine.

Perhaps you will be interested to hear something about our school. It is called the "mestanska" school and is attended by pupils who have finished the public school, which



*Czechoslovakian Juniors scrubbing under showers they themselves have had installed in their school*

has five grades. Such an "upper" grammar school is not in every village, so that children from several villages attend one school. Children from fourteen villages attend our school, some of them having to walk to school for two and a half hours. Our school was founded in 1930. We still have not our own building, and the classes are held in various houses. Our village, Dobrany, is in the Orlicke (Giant) Mountains near the German border. It has over three hundred inhabitants and is fourteen kilometers from the nearest town. In winter it is often isolated from the rest of the world, because of the deep snow and violent storms. Crowds of people come to ski in our mountains. Although the

mountain villages are poor, we feel safe and happy in them. If we continue our correspondence with you, we shall write more about our country.

**HUNGARIAN** Juniors were asked to write answers to the following questions: What distress do I see and how can it be remedied? What have I done to prove myself a good Junior? What could we do for our school? What should I like to find in our Junior Red Cross magazine?

## Shares in N. C. F., Inc.

**O**N the next page is a list of the shares in which the members of the American Junior Red Cross have placed a small investment of money. You get big returns on your small investment—partnerships in important enterprises of fellow-members in other lands; dividends of good will flowing outward from your own hearts and back again from the hearts of children far away; extra dividends from the feeling which this investment can give you that you are part of a big nation and world of children who want to share with each other in all sorts of ways. Here is a letter about a partnership of N. C. F., Inc., in Czechoslovakia:

**T**O begin with, please accept the very best greetings from the Czechoslovak Juniors at Ubúsin. Many thanks for your generous contribution from the National Children's Fund.

At our school we have our own government. Five years ago we started a nursery and now we already possess two thousand fruit trees. We also have an orchard with sixty trees, which we intend to widen each year. We installed a washing stand and a wardrobe with money we earned by ourselves. We are in constant touch with the schools in the Republic as well as with seven schools abroad.

We send the seeds of flowers from our own garden to needy schools so that the children may also have the pleasure of planting their own flowers. Your kind gift will also greatly help us to spread our activities and we therefore thank you once more and we assure you that we will endeavor to make the best use of it.

Our best wishes for you and your work. Three cheers for American-Czechoslovak friendship!



**Y**OU will observe that in Bulgaria, in Yugoslavia, in Latvia your investment is buying partnerships in the undertakings of the Juniors of those countries to provide hot school lunches for children who need them. Juniors of Yugoslavia established nearly seven hundred of these canteens, and forty thousand children were fed in them. There's big business for you. You will notice on the opposite page the picture of the J. R. C. fountain in a little place in Yugoslavia. Some of your investment is in that fountain, too. Juniors all over that country were anxious to keep their hands clean, drink plenty of water for health, and otherwise carry out what they call the "Health Game." But in many places, they had to go long distances to get water, and that's the reason for the J. R. C. fountains and wells that are appearing in more and more places. You are also in partnership with Juniors of Latvia and Hungary in providing places where children who have been ill or who are physically below par may regain their health. For some years you have helped with the J. R. C. Home for Convalescents at Sopron in Hungary, and with the delightful summer colony in the pines by the Baltic at Asari in Latvia.

Indeed, come to think of it, there is nothing more natural than that the American Junior Red Cross should want to keep on investing in shares in Junior activities in the eight European countries on the list. For, you see, the Junior Red Cross societies in those countries all grew out of the work of the American society and its National Children's Fund in the years after the

#### N. C. F. INVESTMENTS, 1934-1935

<b>Bulgaria</b>	<b>\$500</b>
To help establish school canteens, where pupils may study and where lunches are served. Often the children cultivate gardens, growing vegetables for the canteens. To aid with regional Junior meetings. For Red Cross hygiene and first aid courses.	
<b>Czechoslovakia</b>	<b>\$300</b>
To aid six schools with health activities.	
<b>Estonia</b>	<b>\$500</b>
To promote manual-training work. To provide Junior Red Cross instruction in first aid and home economics.	
<b>Greece</b>	<b>\$600</b>
To aid in erecting in Athens on ground bought by Greek Juniors a hostel for visiting Junior groups from Greece and countries abroad.	
<b>Hungary</b>	<b>\$500</b>
To help equip the Junior Red Cross home for convalescent children at Sopron. To aid milk and hot-lunch distribution.	
<b>Latvia</b>	<b>\$600</b>
To aid the Junior Red Cross summer colony for needy and sick children at Asari. To help provide hot school lunches for children of unemployed.	
<b>Poland</b>	<b>\$600</b>
To aid in equipping the reading and recreation centers for needy children. To contribute toward purchase of tools and material for Junior Red Cross activities.	
<b>Yugoslavia</b>	<b>\$600</b>
To help establish school canteens, school baths and a Junior Red Cross recreation center. To provide sweaters for boys in Home for Serbian War Orphans.	
<b>Christmas Boxes</b>	<b>\$3000</b>
To provide cartons and pay transportation costs.	
<b>School Libraries for Rural and Mountain Schools in the U. S. A.</b>	<b>\$3000</b>
To buy small libraries (fifty books) for schools lacking all library facilities in the rural and mountain regions.	
<b>Brailled Stories for the Blind</b>	<b>\$550</b>
To pay for the paper for these books. Braille is done free of cost by volunteers.	
<b>Disaster</b>	<b>\$3000</b>
To furnish school lunches, books, toys, and other help to children in flood, fire, and earthquake zones.	

Great War had spread its devastation and waste over them.

There's a big chunk of stock in the Christmas box project. Here is a "dividend check" from Poland:

**W**E thank you very heartily for the Christmas gifts that we had got from you. Each of us received two things and we all enjoyed them very much. In return we are sending you a doll in a dress which is worn by the country girls living near our old capital, Krakow. We have made this dress ourselves so excuse us if it is not well done. We are sending you also a bird made out of woolen yarn, which does not live perhaps in your land. It is a stork, a big bird that comes to us at the beginning of spring. It feeds chiefly on frogs, and builds its nest on the roof of the house or at the top of tall trees. In our portfolio you will find some postcards with the views of our beloved country, with the emblem of our state, the white eagle, on its cover.

**A**ND there's the thought that, through your investment in the N. C. F., there is laid aside and ready a sum that may be used without delay to help children of our own country who are victims of disaster. And the realization that, through other shares, children in little tucked-away schools all over the land are to have collections of fifty books full of pictures and stories and ideas to set their minds ranging over the wide world. And the pleasure of knowing that you have helped to bring beneath the finger tips of blind children the stories you have read and loved.





*The N. C. F. helps the Latvian Junior Red Cross to maintain this canteen for hungry children*



*A type of the isolated American rural school for which the N. C. F. is providing libraries*



*In Estonia the Fund helps the Juniors to maintain training courses in the manual arts*

## THE NATIONAL



*The cloth these Polish Juniors are making into clothes for needy children was paid for by the N. C. F.*

## CHILDREN'S FUND



*Four hundred Hungarian Juniors attended home nursing courses*



*The N. C. F. helped dig this school well in Yugoslavia*



*District of Columbia Juniors binding brailled books*



*Members in Hotchkiss School, Akron, Ohio, held a magazine sale to raise money to help send a delegate to the Convention*

**A**FTER Juniors in Washington School, Tulsa, Oklahoma, had been exchanging dolls, portfolios, letters, and Christmas presents with members in other countries for four years, they had a large number of interesting things that they wanted to show their parents. So they decided to do so by writing a play and presenting it before the Parent-Teachers Association. They wrote the play all together, and each member of the class played the part he had written. Besides telling all about their international correspondence, the Juniors exhibited national costumes, danced folk dances of countries in which they had J. R. C. friends, and played games of other lands.

**M**EMBERS in Waycross, Georgia, made yard brooms for the colored ministers in their town. The yards are of hard, packed earth, swept clean.

**C**ORRESPONDENTS in White School, Peoria, Illinois, mounted small toy tractors of various kinds in a well-made wooden box and sent them to Nakatsu School, Gifu Prefecture,

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## In Our Schools

Japan, together with some pictures showing tractors at work. They wrote:

We have made this case and mounted these tractors thinking you would be interested in the largest industry of its kind in the world, which is housed in Peoria. Living as we do in an agricultural part of the country, we are thoroughly familiar with the many things that these machines do and with the wonderful power they have in moving heavy objects and in clearing away debris. No

doubt you have seen the same implements in your own country, but we know that you will feel a little closer contact with us when you know they are made in our city.



*A Maine Junior sent us this snapshot taken on the main street of Presque Isle to show how some Maine farmers go to town when the thermometer registers forty below*

**M**EMBERS in Baldwin Junior High School, Montgomery, Alabama, wrote to correspondents in Kujo Daiichi School, Osaka Prefecture, Japan, when they heard of the destruction wrought by a typhoon in Japan:

We were very sorry to hear of your terrible disaster and hope that none of our friends with whom we have been corresponding was injured. Please accept our most sincere sympathy for all typhoon sufferers.

**F**OR some years Hibbing, Minnesota, Juniors have assumed the responsibility for providing mittens for children who had none. Three girls of the purchasing committee with the help of their adviser bought and delivered to headquarters three hundred pairs of mittens and twelve berets and caps at a cost of \$125.52.

**I**N an album to Kyoshi School, Osaka Prefecture, Japan, Lowell School, Duluth, Minnesota, wrote of their J. R. C. organization:

Each year our National Red Cross Convention is held in Washington, D. C., our national capital. For two years

the delegates from Duluth to the Junior division of the convention have been chosen by an essay contest. The first year our school won first place and the second year, second place. The winner receives a trip to the Convention with all expenses paid.

The Juniors of Duluth have organized a council which is made up of representatives from every school and meets once a month to give reports and make plans.

For two years our boys have taken a course in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick. The course is conducted by a Red Cross nurse. She organized this boys' class, and we are proud because ours was the first boys' class in Minnesota and second in the United States. The same course is offered for girls, and we have had two large classes. We have raised money for our work by having candy sales, popcorn sales, and making and selling holders. Last year we bought shoes for two girls so that they could go to school. Each year we make jelly and take it to the Nopeming Tubercular Sanatorium. This year we took seventy-two glasses. We are now paying for five bottles of milk each week for undernourished children.

In our three years of work we have completed more than seventy-five hundred articles which include quilts, dolls, mattresses, mittens, dresses, bloomers, bibs, quilt ends, triangle bandages, pin cushions, pin balls, layettes, books, jelly, and candy. We are extremely proud of our record because we have completed more articles than any other school in our city, even though some of the schools have more than two thousand pupils enrolled and we have only 486.

WHEN a heavy blizzard struck Westport, Connecticut, last winter, Juniors in Grade 5B of Bedford Elementary School found many opportunities to help others. They shoveled paths, delivered papers, and carried groceries to needy families, and many boys ran errands for the local stores. In January the children of Grade 6B weighed and measured the children of the whole school and wrote up the charts.

NESTLED at the foot of one of the numerous West Virginia hills in Lincoln County is a little log schoolhouse named Dogbone, named from the creek near which it stands. This is a log building and is the only one of its type in the county, as practically all the schools in the state now have frame or brick buildings. In spite of its rude construction, the school has a cheery,



Our President enrolls in the Red Cross. Vice Chairman James L. Fieser watches Phyllis Smith of the Bethesda, Maryland, public school present the pin

comfortable room and is heated by an old-fashioned coal stove.

Pupils in this school are members of the J. R. C. They have been immunized against typhoid and diphtheria, and have a very popular hot lunch going. The teacher, in his zeal, gave them more food than their digestions could take care of when lunches were started, but now has

gauged their capacities. From the standpoint of nutrition and progress in their studies, the pupils are much improved. The only pupil in the school who has defective vision has had this corrected by glasses.

MEMBERS of the J. R. C. in Dansville, New York, where Clara Barton lived all her grown-up years, raised twenty-one dollars and gave it to the village health nurse to buy a drum of cod liver oil. Council members organized themselves into a number of committees covering all their Junior Red Cross activities.

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—Brown Brothers

#### THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

**E**MPEROR Chi-hoang-ti, or Shi Huang Ti, as his name is sometimes spelled, whose attempt to get rid of the great Chinese Classics Miss Kett tells about on page 108, built this huge wall to keep the raiding bands of Tartar nomads from plundering wealthy and peaceful China. It is fifteen hundred miles long, and for many generations served its purpose well. But its building was a grievous burden to the people of China. They were forced to send hundreds of thousands of laborers to build it, and were taxed heavily to feed this army of men for many years. "If you have a son, get rid of him," the people cried; "if you have a daughter, drown her! Do you not see at the foot of the Great Wall the piles of dead bodies on which it is built?"



